

Friday, April 14, 1961. Ev almost left without me! He caught the 11:20 limousine after telling me to catch the 11:50! We left Cincinnati on American Airlines. At La Guardia we caught a helicopter to Idlewild airport. Then we boarded an Air France plane to Paris.

Saturday, April 15. We had dinner somewhere in mid-Atlantic and arrived in Paris at 8:00 Paris time (2:00 AM ours). We checked into the Hotel Rond Point de Champs Elysses, 10 Rue de Ponthieu. It's a lovely small French hotel. Only the manager speaks English. A tiny elevator goes up from the middle of the lobby and we are in room 2 (on the second floor, of course). I wanted to take a bath, but there was no soap. My French was not good enough for this so I got in the tub fully dressed and demonstrated to the maid what I wanted!

We went to American Express to cash traveler's checks and then had lunch at a small café. We then went back to the hotel for a two-hour snooze before an afternoon tour of Paris.

The tour showed us most of the highlights and included a fast stop at the Louvre to see the Venus de Milo, the Winged Victory, and Mona Lisa. We also stopped at Notre Dame. After the tour we went to the stamp market on foot on the Avenue Gabriel.

Dinner was at the Rond Point Hotel (not at the one we are staying), and then we went to see a beautiful show at the Follies Bergere. Ev got pulled from the audience to do a cancan on the stage!

Saturday, April 16, 1961. We got up late and went by Metro to the Arc de Triumphe. Then it was more Metro to the Eiffel Tower. We took a boat ride on the Seine River terminating at the Caves de la Tour Eiffel and we were the only English-speaking people aboard. Then we took the Metro back to the bookstalls along the Seine and did some browsing.

That evening we had dinner at La Tour d'Argent with its magnificent view of the flying buttresses of Notre Dame. I had duck number 304,000 and some odd. We started walking back to the hotel enjoying Notre Dame and the Place de la Concorde at night. It was beautiful. We ended up taking the Metro back to the hotel.

Sunday, April 17. Off to Les Invalides in the morning, where Napoleon is buried. Then we had lunch at the Café de la Paix and a tour of Versailles in the afternoon.

We had a lovely dinner at the Auberge de Cherbourg, a delightful restaurant only a block from our hotel. I had delicious kidneys and snails!

We made a big goof in the evening, signing up for a Paris nightclub tour. Never again! There were four shows obviously geared to the American tourist. The only one worth seeing was the Lido and even there the champagne was stale.

Tuesday, April 18. Our last day! We walked by Dior's but didn't go in. Then we took the Metro to Montmartre where we rode the incline up to Sacré Coeur. After we walked all over Montmartre we caught the Metro and went to Pigales. It was a most picturesque morning.

After a sandwich at a café we went to Luxemburg Gardens, a delightful park, where Mamas take their children to the playground or watch them sail small boats on the pond.

We took a cab back to the Flower Market on the Quai of the Ile de la Cité. We walked the interesting old streets and also walked along the west bank to the Bridge of Arts, and became exhausted. At last it was time to head for the airport and our flight to Hamburg.

They didn't even stamp our passports when we entered Germany so we don't feel as if we have arrived. With no opportunity to cash money at our midnight arrival time, we had to borrow money from the doorman of the Vier Jahreszeiten (Four Seasons) Hotel to pay the cab driver. It is a most luxurious hotel. Our room is enormous and includes overstuffed sofa and chairs, plus a bathroom almost as big. Fat German comforters cover our bed.

Wednesday, April 19. We are here to call on one of the company's German customers. We called Herr Franke and were immediately caught in a whirl. We had a two-hour barge ride all over the harbor in the morning with Helmut as our guide, which included a stop so we could tour the largest grain elevator in Germany. The harbor itself has over 50 miles of docks, one of the largest in the world, and it was most interesting.

We had lunch at a restaurant high above the Elbe where Mrs. Franke and I sat for over an hour and couldn't say a word to each other, for she spoke no English and my German is non-existent. After a delicious lunch of fresh sole, we were given a taxi ride tour of the city.

Much of Hamburg was destroyed during the War and there is new building going on everywhere. St. Michaels survived the War - a sight to Hamburgers comparable to our Statue of Liberty. There are thatch roofs and green church spires (because they are made of copper), and it is a very interesting city. There are two lakes or "alsters" and our hotel overlooks one. We spend a couple of hours shopping along the Bitten Alster streets near the hotel.

Herr Franke was considerably older than we were so he turned our evening entertainment over to three young executives from his office. They asked what we would like to do and we said whatever you would like to do. The three bachelors in the office, Peter Franke, Klaus and Helmut, seemed to enjoy the unlimited expense account to entertain the visiting Americans! They all spoke perfect English and one told me that when he graduated from school, his father bought him a one-way ticket to the United States, gave him a few hundred dollars and sent him on his way. The money ran out very soon and he had to go to work. Speaking three or more languages, it was easy to get a job and he worked his way all over the country. He only came home when the United States told him they would only extend his visa if he would serve sometime in the army!

First we went to a delightful restaurant, complete with German band and heavily decorated ceilings. We had delicious smoked eel with lutt en lutt (beer and schnapps). The schnapps have prunes in them and you chug-a-lug it, saying 'Prosit' (to your health). After about four of them, you feel no pain. Then we had enormous servings of pig's knuckles and sauerkraut. Even though I don't like

sauerkraut, I will say it was the best sauerkraut I have ever had.

Then we went on to the Ripobahn or café district to a nightclub called ‘Honi Soit qui Mal y Pense’. Here my escorts told me it was the custom for women to ask the men to dance. I had no problem with all my escorts, but Ev was startled when he was asked by a German girl to dance! She spoke no English and was stunned to find he spoke no German. Many champagnes later we returned to our hotel.

Thursday, April 20. We flew to Düsseldorf in the morning and were met by Herr Steffan’s personal car for the drive to the Breidenbacher Hotel. We shopped the Koenigsallee (“Koe”), the fashionable street of Düsseldorf, with banks on one side, shops on the other and a park down the middle. We bought some Zeiss binoculars.

After we had called Martha to wish her happy Birthday, (there is a six-hour time difference), Herr Adams’ car picked us up about 2:00. We drove through the country seeing Schloss Benrath right in Düsseldorf, and then went to a lovely church in Altenberg, which is used by both Catholics and Protestants. It was built about 1100 AD.

Back in Düsseldorf, we had a tour of their offices and met Dr. Papp. The office was lovely and new with a view of the lake. Half of Düsseldorf was destroyed during the War because of its strategic position in the Ruhr valley. Herr Adams’ tales of the destruction and starvation was awful.

We had a quiet dinner in the hotel and were off to bed early for a change.

Friday, April 21. Herr Adams’ car picked us up at 9:00 for a lovely trip up the Rhine. First we went to Cologne to see the cathedral, which is lovely despite the damage from the War. At the Schloss at Bruhl, we saw the park and had coffee and marvelous German cakes. Through Bonn, we had a glimpse of Adenauer’s home, and then we crossed the Rhine by ferry to enjoy a view of the Dragonfels in the mountains.

We drove to Petersburg where there was an elegant hotel perched on a mountain and admired the view of the river. We had lunch at the Margarethof in the mountains before returning to Düsseldorf.

Finally we met Herr Steffans, who had returned from Paris. Herr Steffans and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Papp, and Herr Adams took us to a very old restaurant in the old section of town. Honored by Napoleon, his crest hangs over the door. There were old scenes of the city on the walls. We had Dussel beer and the most delicious herring I have ever eaten. Veal steak and the white asparagus we see so often here followed this.

After dinner we went to Dr. Papp’s home for an evening of champagne and stereo music.

His ‘bungalow’ is in a lovely residential section. It was all very German with overstuffed massive furniture and heavy draperies. The ladies spoke only limited English but it seems sign language is universal. I even could understand why Mrs. Papp was upset that her daughter wasn’t coming home to have her baby. She wanted to be with her husband for some strange reason!

Saturday, April 22. We were off to Beirut with stops at Frankfurt and Munich. We had a gorgeous view of the Alps from the plane but it was too overcast to see much of Yugoslavia and Greece. We flew over the lights of Cyprus and landed in Beirut at 10:00 PM (7 hours ahead of New York time). We checked into the Bristol Hotel.

Sunday, April 23. We called Earnest Abboud to announce we were a day early. Earnest came with a driver friend named Victor to pick us up and with Earnest's wife Lillian (who speaks no English) we headed for the mountains and Baalbek. It was beautiful countryside. Earnest simultaneously translated everything for Victor who speaks Arabic, for us in English and for Lillian in Italian (for Earnest considers Italian to be the language of love). Lillian is Swiss and speaks French, Italian, German and "enough Arabic to talk to her mother-in-law". A political meeting was going on at the temple so we were turned away. We went back to the capitol of the valley and had lunch at a lovely restaurant next to a rushing stream. They served us 45 different dishes for hors d'oeuvres which was washed down with Arak, the traditional drink. This is milky white in color and tastes like licorice. After we were stuffed, in came heaping platters of chicken! For entertainment there was a little girl who had come with her mother, who danced on the table. The ladies and gentlemen were all smoking their hookahs or water pipes.

After lunch we returned to Baalbek and the soldiers were gone. This is a spectacular ruin of a Roman Acropolis, with buildings larger than the ones in Athens. The Temple to Jupiter is badly destroyed but the smaller Temple to Bacchus is in excellent restored condition. It is bigger than the Parthenon, and of course more ornate. Earthquakes and various invasions have destroyed the whole area.

We went back to Beirut for a nap, before going out to a casino for a late dinner and a show. It is a beautiful new casino just north of Beirut.

Monday, April 24. We woke to the sound of roosters crowing behind the hotel! Ev spent the day on business with Earnest. Earnest came to Cincinnati a year ago to try and talk Early and Daniel into building a chicken feed plant in Lebanon. He arrived Christmas week and no one knew what to do with him, but we took him in and had a great time getting to know him. Now Ev was here to see if a feed mill would be feasible.

I got my hair done in a beauty shop run by a man with his two young boys. A boy about 10 shampooed me and then the other set my hair. The man combed me out.

I met Ev for lunch at the hotel and then we went to see the Grotto of Pigeons, a lovely rock formation on the water. Beirut is very interesting. Huge apartment buildings are being built, while herds of sheep and goats still are herded along the city streets.

Ev went back to work and I caught a cab to the Place of Martyrs, the center of the city, and explored around it on foot. It is an interesting port city with a

spectacular drive along the waterfront, but ghastly souks (bazaars) with nauseating smells.

In the evening we met Mr. Beikut, (Earnest's partner) who is sick with jaundice. We had a drink at his charming apartment and then went out to an Italian restaurant.

Tuesday, April 25. Ev went off to do more business. Lillian picked me up at 10:00 to do some shopping. We went to a jeweler to buy some earrings. She suggested I remain quiet while she greeted the proprietor with kisses. He called for a table and chairs and some coffee, and we sat and exchanged the news of the day. While we were enjoying the hospitality, in came a large American man, complete with a camera hanging around his neck. He wanted to buy a brooch for his wife. The shopkeeper got a tray of pins out of his display case and the man pawed through them before selecting one, which he paid for with American dollars. The proprietor came back to our table and sighed. "That is what is wrong with Americans. They don't know how to bargain. He paid far too much for that pin." At that point Lillian told him I was interested in earrings. We started the dicker and finally reached a price. I thought we were dickering over the price of the earrings, but I was wrong. He got out a scale and weighed the earrings. We had been dickering over the price of gold. Since the earrings were baskets of gold filled with seed pearls, I guess I paid gold prices for the pearls! Afterward I bought some dolls and a brass table. We saw some beautiful brocades and oriental products.

We met our husbands and Mr. Hashed (spelling?), who was Earnest's lawyer and drove for an hour down the coast to Sidon, which is the furthest north Christ is known to have preached. Then we went up in the hills to the home of Deputy and Mrs. Salem.

A Deputy is like a senator. He is a former Minister of Agriculture and has a huge farm of some 2000 acres, which he uses, as a summer home. Nearby is a medieval village for his workers, complete with church, and all enclosed by a wall. We had a lovely seventeen-course dinner. Mrs. Salem apologized for such a small selection of dishes but she was only here for the day! We then went out to inspect Mr. Salem's chickens.

We drove back to Beirut and went north to another chicken farm. This was much more elegant with incubators and so forth.

After a rest at the Bristol we set out again at 9:30 for dinner and an evening of dancing with a show. Even though it is late at night, there are children in the restaurant. Everyone has had a siesta and then goes out again!

Wednesday, April 26. We left early for Athens on an Alitalia caravel, a very nice plane. We had a lovely room with balcony at the Grande Bretagne next door to Mother and Dad. I have a case of the tourist disease and feel awful! However, after lunch we went to the Agora and found a great guide named Elenis who made it all come alive. We had dinner at the G. B. and were early in bed.

Thursday, April 27. We left bright and early on a tour bus for Delphi, about three

hours away. The guide took us for a quick two-hour tour of the museum and sanctuary and after we had lunch at the Apollon Hotel, we were on our own.

We revisited the sanctuary, climbing all the way to the stadium, where a nice old lady gave us flowers. The view from the theater is magnificent. We shopped at George Patrous and were served coffee.

Before we had dinner, Daddy wanted a martini. The hotel had never heard of such a thing. Daddy asked them to bring him the ingredients and with flourishes demonstrated with the gin and vermouth and olives how to make his favorite drink. At last he called for some ice. There was no ice to be had in Delphi! We had dinner went to bed in the new hotel across from the Apollon. It was only 15 days old.

Friday, April 28. We walked to the Marmaria and then on to the Tholus. Here we met Peg and Dick and the six of us agreed we couldn't have found a better place to meet! They have rented a car and been seeing Greece on their own. We went to the gymnasium and the Castellan Spring While having lunch a farmer brought his heard of sheep and donkeys through the town. Peg and I negotiated and were able to buy two donkey bells right off the necks of two donkeys! After lunch we had to leave them and return to our tour.

The bus didn't come until 4:00 PM. On the way back to Athens we stopped to see St. Luke's Byzantine Church with its lovely mosaics. We got back to Athens at 9:00 PM, had a late dinner at the Grande Bretagne and walked around Constitution Square before going wearily to bed.

Saturday, April 29. Ev went to Piraeus with Dad to inspect the Aostra. I sought out the Ministry of Education. It is a well-guarded place and you can't get in without an appointment, so I made one for noon. I have been working with the Cincinnati Board of Education and WCET, Cincinnati's public broadcasting television station, to make a television show on Greece for closed-television in the schools. Olympic Airways are nice and give me coffee, but they have no films on Greece that we might use on TV. When I went to my appointment, I found that neither does the Ministry of Education. I picked up some Greek music records before meeting Mother, Ev and Dad for lunch.

In the afternoon we did the Acropolis, stone by stone, and also the Theater of Dionysus. It is all fascinating, but our guide isn't as good as the one we had at the Agora.

We had cocktails with some friends of the Kremantz' who are also going cruising, and while we are having our drinks in the G. B. bar, the royal family of Greece came into the hotel: King Paul, Queen Frederica, Prince Constantine and the two princesses. I was trying to cross the lobby at the time and got near enough to them to have touched them!

For dinner we tried a restaurant in the Plaka, which the concierge has recommended to see some Greek dancing. However, we find it all very touristy and leave before the show, hoping to see the Acropolis by moonlight. However, our taxi got lost.

How can anyone get lost in Athens trying to find the Acropolis? We didn't get

there before it closed at 11:45, so we went back to our rooms and talked until 2:00 AM.

Sunday, April 30. We picked up Elenis, the guide we had in the Agora, and rented two Fiats to carry all seven of us and headed for Sunion. Here there is a lovely Temple to Poseidon. Elenis rode with Mother and Dad and would periodically lean out of his window to point something out to us. We had to guess what he was talking about!

After lunch, Elenis took us to the plain of Marathon, and the huge burial mound where the 132 Athenians lie that were killed in the Battle. We stood on the mound while Elenis made the battle come alive so we could almost see the Persians coming and the ruse the Athenians made.

Mother and Dad left and the five of us crowded into one Fiat to go to the top of Mount Hymettus to see the view. The car was almost out of gas, but Elenis optimistically didn't think we needed to buy any. On the way we stopped halfway at the Monastery so Peg and I could drink from the spring, which promises fertility! Of course, it was all downhill back to Athens so we could coast and we got the car back to the agency riding on fumes!

We met Nicky Allendorf, who owns the Aostra, for cocktails at the Grande Bretagne.

After a fish dinner at the Yacht Harbor at Piraeus, at last we boarded our charter, which will become our home tomorrow. The Aostra is a 63-foot long yawl and has three staterooms. Mother and Dad will share the double. Peg and I each have our own single. Dick and Ev will sleep in the main cabin on the side berths.

Monday, May 1. We were aboard the Aostra by 9:00 AM and set sail for Idrha (Hydra).

Our crew consists of Captain Costa and his brother Pano, Staffi and Biel. Idrha is a lovely island with a clean dressed-up quay. Many tourists come here. We had quite a problem finding bicarb of soda for Dad, using Peg's sketchy Greek and the islander's even sketchier English. We are moored stern to the dock and after dinner go ashore to explore the fort at the harbor mouth. It is somewhat hard to communicate with our nice Greek crew. Captain Costa speaks about ten words of English, like, please, no and thank you. Biel speaks as little German as Dad does. Staffi is trying to learn English and Peg is trying to learn Greek so they study together.

Tuesday, May 2. We woke at 6:00 AM to the clankety clank of the anchor chain and we head for Milos where the Venus de Milo was found. After a fast turn in the harbor we went to Kimonos for the night. It is just north of Milos and a lovely little island where the villagers show us the amphorae they have found. Peg and Dick go snorkeling in the cold water looking for more, but are unsuccessful.

The crew had been told Americans like a large breakfast. When we didn't eat it all, they added the leftovers to lunch and so forth. Such enormous meals! We are learning some Greek. Ter Floco is the jib.

Wednesday, May 3. We set sail again at 6:00 AM and were in Thira after lunch. The island surrounds a volcano crater, still somewhat active. Many of the houses were destroyed in the earthquakes of 1958. The harbor is in the crater and there is a government buoy at which to moor since the crater is too deep for anchors.

There are high cliffs and Santorini is on the top. We rent some donkeys to ride and carry us up to see the museum and explore the town. Away from the crater the island is fertile and green. It is quite a contrast. The French consul sells us some Santorini wine, and then we joggle back down the cliff again on the patient mules and donkeys. According to legend the animals are said to be the souls of people serving eternal purgatory.

We took off for Ios for the night, where we again moor by the stern and spent the night in a taverna, drinking ouzo and dancing with the people from another cruise ship. Dad bought a demijohn jug so that we could have some retsina on board. This is a Greek wine that tastes of turpentine. The funny thing is that we drink a little with our meals, but every morning the jug has been drunk by the crew and is empty! Sometimes it costs as much as one dollar to get it refilled!

Thursday, May 4. We did some exploring of Ios and then headed for Naxos to windward in a gale wind. After a hard sail we finally make a deserted cove on the south side of Naxos and anchor for the night. The Meltemi is a strong wind that comes from Egypt when it warms up. We played bridge while the Meltemi blew and blew!

Friday, May 5. We left at 6:00 AM and plowed our way through seas and Meltemi to the main port of Naxos and anchor behind the breakwater. Ashore, we view the remains of the Temple to Dionysus, which dominate the harbor. The town is built around the ruins of a Venetian palace. You get lost following the narrow streets.

We rented two cars with English speaking driver and drove to see the stone colossus in a marble quarry nearby. It was very impressive, the road even more so! Then it was back to the Aostra for more bridge and watching the Meltemi make waterfalls over the breakwater.

Saturday, May 6. The Meltemi is still blowing and we can't leave Naxos. We again hired our English-speaking guide and drove to Appolon on the north side of the island.

The road twists and turns around the many mountains with many switchbacks. The road surface varies from awful to non-existent. It was all very scenic. At Appolon we saw an even larger colossus in a quarry. This one was unfinished and 33 feet tall. Naxos marble is considered one of the best and is lovely and white when fresh.

We had coffee in a taverna in Appolon and headed back to the Aostra where the Meltemi is blowing even harder. Our bridge game becomes a marathon. I'm sure the crew doesn't know what to make of this card game.

Saturday, May 7. More Meltemi. More bridge in the main cabin!

Sunday, May 8. Finally the wind dies down and we set out early for Delos. This is a spectacular island with many ruins. Apollo was born here and the islands danced around with joy forming the Cyclades. We climbed Mount Cyntra to see the cave where Apollo is supposed to have lived. There were lovely mosaics in the houses, reminiscent of Pompeii. There were many reservoirs. The famous Delian lions lie on a terrace looking out to sea. We toured the small museum. Then we went on to Mykonos with the crew working overtime to get us back on schedule.

Mykonos is lovely with bright white washed houses. Only the churches show any color. We visited a windmill and saw grain being ground. We anchored for the night in a cove on the south side of Siros, not the main harbor.

Tuesday, May 9. We had a lovely long sail to Poros, an Athenian summer resort on the Peloponnesus. A large bell tower dominates the town. Children are fascinated with us and follow us around. There are many ferries crossing the strait, one loaded with donkeys!

Wednesday, May 10. We set sail early for Epidaurus and took a taxi to the theater.

This theater seats 14,000 and is the largest in Greece. There is a nice museum showing how the Tholos and Temple to Asclepius looked. Epidaurus was a healing spot for the ancients with mineral baths and so forth. However little remains.

We went back to the Aostra for a swim, lunch and a short hike through town. Then we were off to Soficon for the night, arriving at dusk.

Thursday, May 11. We had a lovely sail to Corinth. There was a two-hour wait before we could go through the canal. We took a taxi to the Temple of Apollo and the old Agora of Corinth. We saw the Tirene Spring, and then went up on the mountain.

Peg and Dick and Ev and I made the 45-minute climb up to the Acro Corinth. Here there was a fascinating fortress and the remains of a Temple to Aphrodite with a beautiful view. Peg and I posed as Aphrodite for our husband's cameras. Back to the board we found a bad storm has come up and lines are snapped and the gangway has been ripped away. It's a Maelstrom, not Meltemi. We took off at once and went back through the canal to anchor for the night.

Friday, May 12. Our last day on the Aostra. We set sail for Piraeus with a stop for Staffi and Pano to go ashore and fish. We went past Salamis and finally got to Piraeus tight harbor about 5:00. It was very tricky backing into Aostra's mooring.

At the Grande Bretagne we found a lot of news and the sad news that Peggy didn't get into Hillsdale. We are heartbroken. We had dinner in the hotel and

went to bed for a shattered sleep waiting for a call to Mr. Lovett to come through.

Saturday, May 13. Ev and I did the Benaki Museum with its collections of jewelry and Greek costumes. Then we walked past the palace and gardens to the Temple of Olympian Zeus and the Hadrian Arch. They were impressive with huge columns, although Roman. We met Peg and Dick for lunch and picked up Elenis to go to the National Museum. Two hours doesn't even begin to be enough time to see it. But we did see the Poseidon bronze and many other interesting things. Then we had a fast trip to the Plaka where we bought an early classical vase and statuette.

Then we went back to the Grande Bretagne for a hair dressing appointment and a nap.

At 9:30 we met our guide and go out to dinner at the lovely Bokaris Taverna in Kiphista. Speaking no Greek, we went into the kitchen and pointed out the food we wanted. There was much atmosphere and wonderful food. After stuffing ourselves, we went back to the Plaka to an old taverna with music. We didn't get back to the hotel until 1:30AM.

Sunday, May 13. We were up at 6:00 for the trip home. Our flight was on an Air France caravel to Paris with a stop in Rome. Then it was on to New York and Cincinnati.